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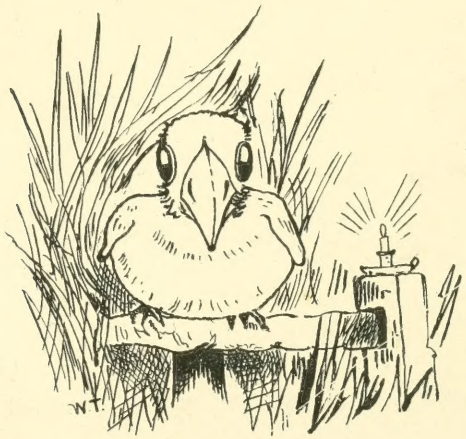
THE EARLY WORM
Of Unhappy Memory.

Signed M. at end

1.

Oft hath been told the ancient tale,



Yclept: 'ye early bird,'
But with great naughtiness, the facts
Have been but half averred.

2.

Once on a time, a little worm,
—Thus should the story run,—
Arose with unsuspecting trust
To greet the rising sun.

1875

RIGHTED, 1881. R. R. Manners & N. Innsinel N.Y. pvs. (1881)

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3.

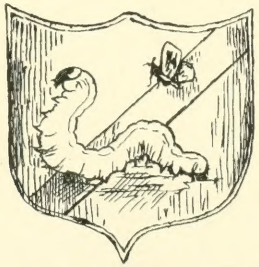
Forth from his snug retreat he set,
—Hard by a moss-grown wood,—
And whistled gaily as he went,
–Or would have if he could!

4.

He gained the mead, and soon upon
A fallen log he gat,
Which well he knew, for oft thereon
In the warm sun he sat

5.

And slept, curled in a little ball
—For be it known that he
Was not a common worm, but of



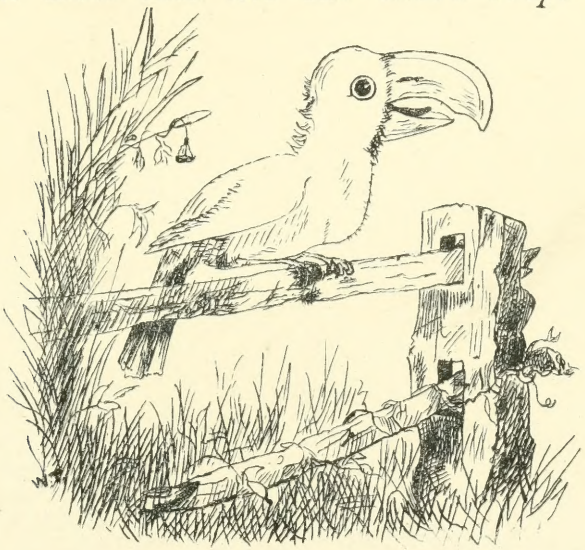
The old Grub Family!

6.

Full pleased was he with his own self,
And as the sun arose,
He felt like juveniles who feel
Too big for their small clo''es.

7.

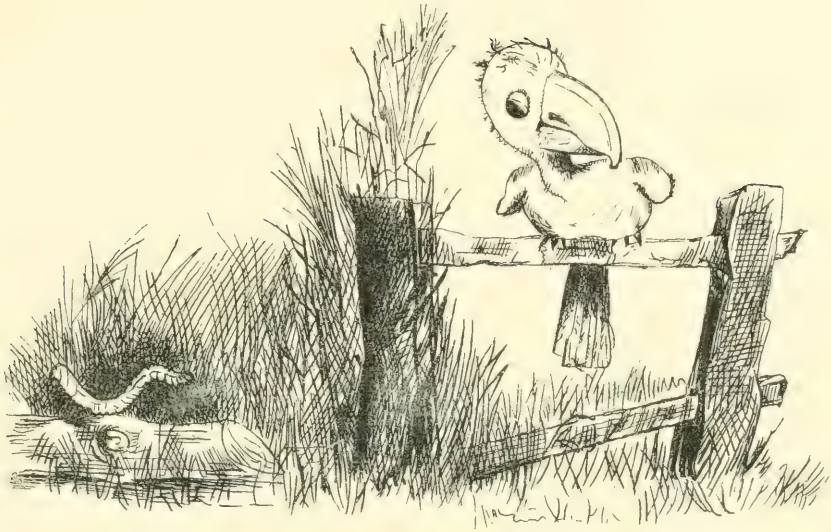
But soon into his ear there crept



A bird's soft minstrelsy,
Which tickled him, till he 'fell to'
And –capered sportively!

8.

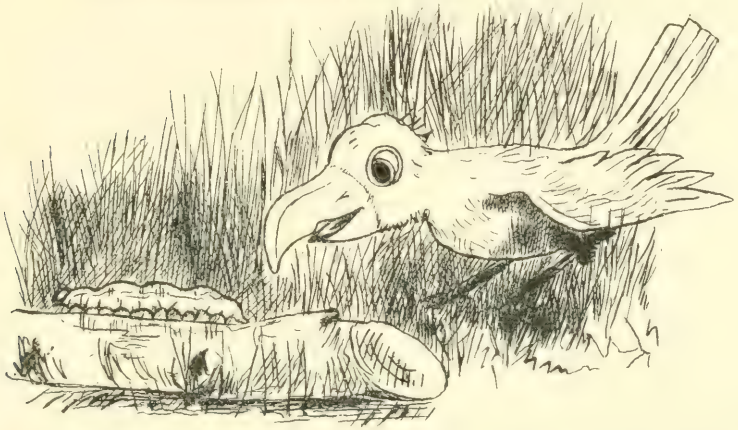
Alack the day!



The warbler spied
The all too giddy mite;
And while he loved to trill right well
A worm was his delight.

9.

He dropped his song –the better on
His helpless prey to drop;



Then, though his victim strove to fly,
He popped him in his crop.

10.

Thus it befel; that early worm
So good, so prompt at morn,
Was by his very virtues thus
From life and pleasure torn.

11.

Yet but himself to blame, for if
He had but kept his bed,
To rise betimes, some other worm
Would have been swallow-ed!

M.

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